

ONCE A WEEK

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MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND AND BABY RUTH.

ONCE A WEEK

521-547 West Thirteenth Street,
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NEW YORK CITY.

THE WEEK.

Oct. 27—Capitulation of Metz with 175,000 men—1870.
" 28—Sir Godfrey Kneller, painter, died—1723.
" 29—Sir Walter Raleigh beheaded—1618.
" 30—Great fire at the Tower of London—1841.
" 31—Leon Gambetta born—1838.
Nov. 1—All Saints' Day.
" 2—Jenny Lind died—1887.

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NUGENT ROBINSON, Editor.

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NO FEAST FOR THE VULTURE.

THE year 1891 is the beginning of an era of unexampled business activity in the United States. All doubt on this head is now dispelled. The great corn crop is safe. Frost has come, and found even the "late" varieties of corn out of its reach.

Owing to various causes, the movement of wheat and other cereals has been delayed. Farmers who could do so have been holding their grain. It is now past the middle of October, and inland navigation will soon close. Even the Great Lakes water route, from Duluth, Milwaukee and Chicago to Buffalo, will not seriously compete with the American Trunk line railroads, after a few weeks more. The diversion of business from American railroads—by means of Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific lake steamers to the Canada side, for transportation in bond through Canada, and back again into the United States, at Portland, Boston and Buffalo—even this diversion of business has been quite limited up to date. After the close of navigation it will count for nothing in the problem of American railroad securities and the fluctuations of the grain market.

The winter business for all the railroads promises to be unprecedented. The inflow of gold from foreign countries, in payment for American agricultural products, will be greater, probably, than ever before in the history of the country. Remunerative employment of labor in all branches of commerce, mining and manufactures ought to receive a decided impetus. General prosperity of all the people it is but reasonable to expect.

There is and has been, nevertheless, a widespread complaint, which unfortunately is founded on facts, that a year of great business activity and alleged general prosperity usually adds to the aggrandizement of the few rather than to the general good. It may be laid down, as a broad proposition, that this result is due to the fact that the stream of business is not allowed to flow on in its natural course. It is blocked by speculation, by overreaching, by combinations, corners and deals.

Now, before the great movement begins, is a good time for non-interference. The man who hammers down railroad stocks this year is a public enemy. People will deal in railroad securities. This year, and probably until after the World's Fair, such securities will pay handsome dividends. There is no natural obstacle of trade in the way of this consummation. No person can be interested in having it otherwise, except the plunderer who wants everything, and who delights in plundering and humiliating his fellow-man. All reasonably ambitious operators in the Street owe it to themselves to oppose this public enemy, to have their keenest shafts in rest for this vulture who is in search of prey, and not merely in search of gain. It will be no time to dispatch this bird of evil after he has settled down bloated and surfeited in the midst of his mangled victims, or helpless and sick to death, after a career suddenly brought to a close by age, disappointment and baffled greed.

This journal rejoices, in company with all good citizens, over the ever-brightening prospects of this dear land, so dearly purchased and redeemed—the world's only free arena of honest endeavor; we hail with delight the brightest financial and industrial sky that has overspread our ocean-bounded republic for these many years; we are duly thankful for and appreciative of the blessings vouchsafed to us in this year of grace 1891—a bountiful harvest, freedom from visitations of a serious nature, a united people, an expanded area of established homes in the hitherto unoccupied public lands, the evidences of friendship manifested by the nations of the earth in connection with the World's Fair;—we and all of us rejoice and are thankful in view of these things; but, in the midst of our rejoicings and our thanksgivings, it would be a sad commentary, a hollow mockery, indeed, if all these blessings were for the few who dishonestly and violently gained control of our markets and our railroads, and if the country at large had to be content with the measure of prosperity meted out by the masters of our destiny—the vultures that fatten on the ruined fortunes of honest men.—(See illustration on pages 8 and 9.)

A PERMANENT BANK SYSTEM.

BANKERS and others who take a special interest in financial affairs, have recently been discussing a very important, though not as yet very urgent, question. Our present system of national banks must disappear, as such, when the bonds of the national Government have been paid; and the important question is, What system of banking shall take its place? On what terms shall banks be granted the privilege of issuing notes to circulate as money? As the last of our national indebtedness is due and payable early in the next century, and as we have less than ten years of the present century remaining, the discussion at this time is, perhaps, not premature.

Hon. MICHAEL D. HARTER, member of the House of Representatives from the Mansfield, Ohio, District, explains and discusses in the October *Forum* a "Plan for a Permanent Bank System," which is original with himself, and which he has been overhauling, altering, amending and recasting for many years. As a result, the Plan is without many rough edges: it is unique; its author is full of the subject, and it will doubtless provoke much cool, and some heated, discussion.

In common with many another originator of fiscal theories, Hon. MICHAEL D. HARTER has severe and vigorous opinions concerning all other theories. We confess that we are not a little startled when we read one opinion, or pronouncement, of this learned financier, who has been studying his own Plan—and presumably has had all others down as "terrible examples" only—for many years. The startling pronouncement is this: "All human experience proves that a paper money controlled solely by the will of a Legislature, and issued under the lash of an ever-varying public opinion, has in it none of the qualities which fit it for a measure of value or a vehicle of exchange. If any thoughtful people have not reached this conclusion," says Hon. MICHAEL D. HARTER, "their number is small, and it is to be hoped that their influence will always be insignificant." After thus summarily dismissing our much-cherished legal tender paper circulation, the author sweeps bimetalism and free coinage of silver into the rubbish heap, thus: "Those who have taken the pains to study the history of bimetalism in our own country and in Europe, have discovered that two metals of varying intrinsic value can be kept in free circulation, side by side, only by limiting the coinage of the cheaper." In both of these statements—in all he has to say—a marked characteristic is a thorough and somewhat vigorous confidence, born doubtless of firm conviction, and nourished by many years' study of the Plan by Hon. MICHAEL D. HARTER.

Having thus relegated to the dust and mildew of oblivion the legal tender or "greenback craze" and the "free silver mania," our author finds his fellow townsman, Senator SHERMAN, with a plan, which is not Hon. MICHAEL D. HARTER's Plan. If the plan of the somewhat distinguished ex-Secretary of the Treasury were permitted to grow up, it might seriously interfere with

that of Hon. MICHAEL D. HARTER. Hence it must be squelched, as thus: "The only other way suggested of increasing the currency and of replacing the national bank-note circulation (which the payment of Government bonds must soon render extinct) is that of Senator SHERMAN, which has recently been telegraphed through the country. I refer to his proposal, during his conference with Secretary FOSTER, to have the Government issue treasury-notes to the banks on the deposit of bullion. This can hardly be the well-considered plan of a man of his recognized ability; but, if it is, it will not recommend itself, as it carries no promise of efficiency, and is minus the element of profit and self-interest for the banks which could alone make it successful. It requires no prophet to predict its failure in advance, or to foretell that it would simply invite an irresistible clamor for free coinage so soon as its failure was recognized. We may as well recognize the fact that, if the currency is to be increased in volume in a way which will be either safe or just, neither of these three methods can be followed, for none of them calls for approval, either upon the score of efficiency, safety, or equity." The three methods referred to are the legal tender method of paper circulation issued by the general Government; the free-silver method, and the "bullion deposit" method lately explained by Senator SHERMAN. All these plans—and all others which ever have been, are now, or ever will be concocted, so to speak—are now and will always be open for engagements with museum managers.

But our readers are becoming impatient, doubtless, for a glimpse of the Plan. "The basis we start with," says Hon. MICHAEL D. HARTER, "is the national banking system as it exists, where circulation is based upon Federal funds deposited in the treasury." Under the Plan, the list of funds acceptable as security for circulating notes would be enlarged so as to include State, county, city and railroad bonds. Street-railroad bonds are excluded, because their franchises are usually of short duration. Bonds secured by mortgages on farms and other real estate are barred out, not because anything ails their franchise (the warranty deed); but because they have always proved inferior and usually unsafe security for bank-notes.

All bonds thus rendered available must be registered, and the principal and interest must be payable in gold of the present standard of weight and fineness. All such bonds must have been listed for at least five years prior to their deposit as security for circulation, upon at least one stock exchange located in some city in the United States having a population of five hundred thousand or more. No bond, which has ever been in default for non-payment of interest, or which has sold on any stock exchange at less than a premium of five per cent. above par within three years of its proposed deposit as security for circulation, shall be accepted under this Plan.

No state bond representing a per capita debt of over two dollars for each of its citizens; no county bond representing a per capita debt of over four dollars, and no city bond representing a per capita debt of over eight dollars—need apply; \$2.01, \$4.01, \$8.01, will in these cases be one too many. Trust or debenture bonds of railroads will not be accepted—they must be mortgage bonds. No bank shall have more than twenty per cent. of its bonds on deposit of the issue of one State, county, city or railroad. Moreover, any bond upon deposit, under this Plan, which shall sell upon any stock exchange where it is listed, for a period of thirty days, at an average price less than 105, the comptroller of the currency shall require it to be replaced by a bond fully meeting the requirements of the Plan. Whenever any railroad which was paying dividends at the time its bonds were accepted as security for the circulating notes of any bank, ceases to pay regular dividends, the comptroller of the currency shall require said bank to substitute other bonds of the character called for by this law.

Any president, vice-president, manager, secretary, treasurer, auditor, or other officer of any interstate railroad (any of whose bonds are on deposit under this law) who shall knowingly issue or permit to be issued any false statement of the earnings, expenses, or condition of said railroad, shall be considered guilty of a felony, and be subject to trial in any court of the United States, and if found guilty shall be sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for a term of not less than ten nor more than twenty years, and may be fined in addition, at the discretion of the court, in any sum not exceeding one hundred thousand dollars.

In lieu of all other United States taxes, each bank shall pay in the usual manner a semi-annual tax of one per cent. (two per cent. per annum) upon the average amount of its notes in circulation.

The present United States tax upon the circulating notes of State banks shall cease, provided such notes are secured in precisely the same manner as national bank-notes, by bonds deposited with the auditor or treasurer of the State; and provided, also, that the State in which said bank is located shall guarantee the payment of its circulating notes. State banks shall pay the same taxes on their notes, and in the same manner, as national banks.

The amount of the notes issued by any State bank shall be under the control of the State in which it is located, and nothing in this law shall restrict the circulating notes of any State bank to ninety per cent. of the capital paid in; but no bank shall issue notes in excess of ninety per cent. of the par value of the bonds deposited by it to secure the payment of said notes.

State banks shall not be compelled to redeem their notes anywhere but at their own counters. All State bank-notes issued under this law to be, like national bank-notes, redeemable in United States legal tender, coin or notes.

The main point to be noted in this plan, is that the property of private individuals and corporations is to be made the basis or security of notes issued by private banks to circulate as money. It seems to open the door to some such scheme as the Sub-Treasury scheme of the Farmers' Alliance. All that is required is, that the property deposited as collateral shall be of stable value, or made so from time to time by the Comptroller of the Currency. The difference between a bank depositing State, county, city and railroad bonds, under certain restrictions, as security for their circulation, and other banks which would deposit "blocks" of gilt-edge real estate mortgages for the same purpose and under the same restrictions, is not clear. Options on the visible supply of wheat, oats and corn, valued at fifty cents, ten cents and fifteen cents a bushel, respectively, and insured in bonded elevators at two-thirds of their market value, would be as safe as railroad bonds selling at 105, on the property of a corporation whose value depends on good crops, business activity, and the absence of destructive wrecks and ruinous competition. On the merits of the case—once admit valuable property as the basis of circulation, and what valuable property have we a right to exclude? None but the perishable, the uncertain, the varying. The case of State bonds becoming one of these is a supposable case.

But, in conclusion, our sympathy goes out to that Comptroller of the Currency. On his insight at first, then on his eternal vigilance, and always on his omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence, doth it verily seem, all depends. Without them and him, everywhere and always, the Plan currency would be poor indeed. Perhaps it is not sympathy his case demands. He is, under the Plan, entitled—if he ever gets there—to our most respectful adoration, in view of the needed attributes. But, of course, like others, this question is open to discussion. Almost nothing is impossible—to the financier—in these days.

RESPECTABLE SPECULATORS.

AS heretofore urged in these columns, the professional financial freebooter who gets up corners, thus ruining the investments of innocent outside parties; who depresses valuable securities by artificial manipulation; and who spares neither his rival gamblers nor the investor who is not a gambler in the Street—there is probably no better way to deal with such an operator than by invoking the aid of the law. But there is a large class of people who are not generally known as unscrupulous dealers in stocks. They are nevertheless allies of the great wrecker who leads the attack. Without their aid, the raid on honest investors' money would frequently fail. These well-meaning persons are frequently actuated by fear. They join the freebooter because they are afraid of him. Sometimes they imagine they are simply saving themselves by taking part in a "corner"—all they think of is, that they are on the strong side.

Socially, these persons are eminently respectable. They are not the kind of people who would wittingly wreck a magnificent railroad in order to steal it from its lawful owners. They would not wittingly corner the grain market. They are not in the Street to make fortunes—they had fortunes when they entered. They are ordinarily content with moderate, uniform profits from their investments. When the cries of distress go up from the financially ruined, these good, easy people hear the cries, pocket their winnings, and congratulate themselves that they are not only on the safe side, but on the inside, of the deal.

These allies of the Wall street wrecker profess to have a conscience and a moral purpose. They never dream of leading the sordid life of the financier, honest or ruthless. They frequently reflect on the comfortless, loveless career of the mere man of money. They see no sunshine in such a life. They never stop, however, to reflect that, without aid, no one man can corner the market. There is usually not enough dishonest and unscrupulous assistants in the Street to enable the wrecker to do his work. It is just such good, easy people as we are referring to who fill out the requisite quota in the attacking party.

From these considerations it would appear that people who enter the Street should be prepared to fight, and look after their own interests themselves. Entering in thereat in order to, or with the result of becoming the pliant tools of the merciless freebooter, is unfair to other investors. On the other hand, the risk of entering the Street without being prepared to stand with all other honest investors—a solid wall against any and

all raids of plunder—is the risk of losing all, on the wrong side of the deal. It is but a turn of the wheel that will determine which side the mere "safe and respectable" investor will find himself on, when the crash comes. Until speculation is made unlawful, like other and more innocent forms of gambling, safe and respectable investors of easy habits should not allow their money to figure in the Street.

In the ranks of the socially respectable—it is a sad reflection—we find every now and then a defaulter, a man leading a double business life, a treacherous director or president of a great corporation whose stockholders' interests he is supposed to safeguard, and infrequently a pliant tool of a great financial magnate who supports him in social respectability. These things being known, really worthy people cannot recognize such social respectability. It is a question worth settling: If nothing succeeds like success in "society;" if a man is received into a select set, owing to his recognized wealth and refinement; if some of this wealth was obtained by ways that are out of the common run of honesty, and if he will do the same thing again the first chance he gets—why not begin at the right end and quietly investigate before receiving him? There is good reason to believe that the occasional spot laid bare by events and uncontrollable circumstances is but an indication of the undesirable condition of some "respectable society" at present.

Social respectability that seeks to be made the tool of dishonest Wall street operators and their "respectable" brokers; that is in "society" to find such pliant tools, and that cannot keep its hands out of the pockets of honest people, should not be represented during the ensuing season at social gatherings of people who have a good name, which they value because they have honestly earned it.

A STRANGE CASE FAMILIARIZED.

THE Northern Indiana Conference was recently called upon to adjudicate, in a brotherly and religious way, the strange case of the Reverend Mr. BEAN, of Parkville, in that State. An exemplary clergyman in all other respects, wicked dreams were wont to come to him, in the course of which the reverend gentleman was wont to swear. During his waking hours he not only did not swear, but severely kept aloof from all associations, entanglements and social conditions which could even suggest swearing. No waking-hour frame of mind adopted by or thrust upon the Reverend Mr. BEAN could possibly leave upon his phantasy any impression likely to awaken or develop into swearing, while the senses and reasoning faculty and conscience slept. But he did so swear, and Mrs. BEAN, naturally, was shocked.

The Conference exonerated the good clergyman from any moral complicity in the *de facto* sin. Morally speaking, and in a professional point of view, the action of the Conference "let him out." Every reasonable man will do the same.

Not being a society for the advancement of the Evolution Theory, the association of fellow-clergymen have of course made no report as to the cause of this remarkable phenomenon. Our esteemed contemporary, the New York Tribune, acquits the reverend gentleman, but fails to assign a cause for his involuntary act. In whole truth, that very able journal practically gives up the "mystery." In an age of enlightenment and universal finding out, like the present, this giving up of important phenomena is not to be tolerated.

In the interests of advanced science and for the enlightenment of all whom it may concern, the unconscious cerebration resulting in ministerial, albeit involuntary, swearing must be traced to its mechanical cause. The existence of monkey roots of language, so ably defended by Mr. E. P. EVANS in the September Atlantic Monthly, must be taken as proved. There are monkey roots, as well as, and prior to the Sanscrit roots, cuneiform roots and Indian roots of the philologist. In the monkey mind, these roots must often have taken the form of cuss words. Let us stick a pin in that, while we pick up the other end of the thread of Evolution.

Here it is. Of the eight "vital activities" which build up and classify all living beings, in Evolution, probably the most curious is Atavism or Reversion. By virtue of this an organism, in its progress from a lower order to a higher, is sometimes temporarily arrested, and goes backward and downward on the scale, to pick up some trait or "unfinished business" of an "ancestor"—and then hurries back again to its own proper environment.

What is more reasonable than to suppose that many of the outlandish dreams that come to human pillows are but the unfulfilled ambitions of our monkey ancestors; that the unaccountable scenes—falling from trees, roving amid tropical splendor, meeting frightful beasts—which frequently disturb the curtailed sleep and which never come within our waking experiences, are but scenes, impressed on the monkey mind and brought to ours by Atavism, of Simian homes in African and Amazonian forests; that the strange, unintelligible jargons frequently uttered by human vocal organs during sleep, are but the last remnants, the strongest and most nearly suc-

cessful attempts on the part of our Simian ancestors to make ordinary monkey roots materialize into speech; and, finally, that the unconscious swearing during sleep, from which hereafter no mortal man need expect to be free, may have been the next step after the all but spoken Simian effort to express an opinion after falling off the "monkey bridge" into the water?

We do not insinuate that in the mind of a gentleman any trace of Simian language or feeling is to be found—in fact, we firmly hold that such is not the case. But if man's immediate ancestor is the Ape-Man parent form, what is wrong with this explanation, as a contribution to advanced science?

ABOUT NEW ENGLAND.

SAYS a recent writer in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*: "The New Englander, familiarly known as the Yankee, has fallen into bad habits. He bolts his unwholesome food; in his keenness for business and his gluttony for work he ignores the necessity for play and recreation: he is so busy amassing treasure in this world that, unlike the most earnest of his Puritan ancestors, he is apt to forget to make provision for the world to come. Scorching summers and cold winters and dyspepsia have shriveled up the robust English physique; and, moreover, the original strain has been freely crossed by infusions of the Celt and the Teuton. But he is still the incarnation of wiry energy; and although he detests all war as an interruption to business, he is about the last man anybody would care to quarrel with."

The New Englander has, perhaps, never before been so inaptly described as in these few sentences. To begin at food, New England makes a specialty of both the theory and art of cooking. As to play and recreation, New England holds nearly all our championships. Boston holds both baseball pennants, and in rowing, sprinting, bicycling and other athletic sports, New England stands well up to the front. The world to come receives more attention in New England than in any other part of this country, and certainly more than in Old England.

The English physique is hard to find in New England at present, but when it does show up at Yale or Harvard there is no dyspepsia to speak of. It is a notorious fact that the Celt and Teuton have not intermarried to any extent with the old Puritan stock. The last sentence, about New England energy, is pretty nearly true. And it is strictly true that the New Englander is about the last man anybody would care to quarrel with. From the days of WARREN and PUTNAM to those of JOHN LAWRENCE SULLIVAN and Mr. DIXON, this has been and is true.

THE FLAG ON ARARAT.

MOUNT ARARAT rises in two volcanic cones, known as the greater and the lesser Ararat; the former, which attains the height of 17,212 feet above the level of the sea, is, of course, covered with perpetual snow. It is the highest elevation of Western Asia. Since 1827 it has formed the point at which Russian, Persian and Turkish territories meet. On the 20th of June, 1840, dreadful shocks of earthquake were felt. Great masses of the mountain were thrown into the plain below with its pretty summer village and two religious houses, its picturesque ravines and places of resort for the wealthy travelers who love Old-World studies. In the catastrophe the ravine was closed, a convent and a chapel disappeared, and the village, with the gardens which surround it, was buried under rocks, earth and ice, and the population utterly wiped out.

The scientist TOURNEFORT made a partial ascent of the mountain in 1700; Professor PARROT, of Dorpat, and his companions, in 1829; Colonel CHOZKO and a party of Russians, engaged in the Transcaucasian triangulation, made the ascent in 1850; Major ROBERT STUART in 1856; Dr. G. RADDE and Dr. G. SIEVERS in 1870.

ALLEN and SACHTLEBEN, the Americans who are making the tour of the world on bicycles, have made a signal demonstration of their pluck and endurance by making the ascent without guides in the face of great difficulties. They arrived at Bayazid, a village near by, June 28th, and after four days' rest and preparation, they began their laborious and dangerous journey, accompanied by two companions whom they persuaded, after much effort, to accompany them.

Their first day's journey was without adventure or mishap, and they passed the night in a little Kurdish village. Next day everything seemed to go against them, new difficulties met them at every turn, and at night they camped, tired but not discouraged, at an elevation of ten thousand feet. The Americans shouldered their bedding and food on the third morning. This was a hard day on the plucky adventurers. It was the day before our "Glorious Fourth."

Starting out from their camp at 4 A.M. on July 4th, they pushed on, gasping for breath and often obliged to lie down and rest, until 1:30 P.M., when, almost exhausted, they reached the summit of the mountain. During the last twenty-seven hours of the climb they could find no water, and were obliged to quench their thirst with snow. Their way, too, was full of

danger, as they made the last six thousand feet of the ascent on the verge of a tremendous gorge, where a single false step or one weak place in the snow would have proved fatal. Reaching the top they planted a small American flag on an ice pick and fired a salute with their pistols in honor of the Fourth.

The top of the mountain is a snow field of three or four acres, with four prominent peaks. The view was indescribable in its grandeur and extent, but in a few moments after their arrival the usual afternoon storm came on and the summit was enveloped in clouds. The descent was made in safety and comparative ease, and the tourists were received with great honor by the Turkish Governor of Bayazid.

Thus is the Old World once more linked with the New. Where the Ark rested two American boys have set up the emblem of "Time's noblest offspring," the American republic. On the national birthday, while their brethren at home rejoiced and made merry amid home scenes, Messrs. ALLEN and SACHTLEBEN saw that the "flag was still there" when they left—there in sight of the spot where hopeful Father NOAH first saw the waters receding from a well-washed world. It is an inspiring thought. If the flag had an appropriation it would be a very cold day there that would see it removed.

COSAS DE CHILI—THE POLITICIAN.

THE Chilean Congress used to rival the British House of Commons of thirty years ago in social status, and excel it in oratory. The modern politician is the outcome of the higher education and the war with Peru. The first has endowed a number of young men with an acquaintance, more or less superficial, with sundry things unknown to the bulk of their fellows. They can read French novels in the original, and recognize a right-angled triangle when they see one. On the strength of these acquisitions, they aspire to be the leaders of public opinion. The second has provided an adequate reward for their aspirations. The embryo politician of the new school usually begins as a barrister or a journalist. He identifies himself with a party till it is time to rat. The House of Representatives presents more groups than the German Reichstag. The views of many of its members of the new school are akin to those of Mr. BOB SAWYER, a kind of Scotch plaid. They are always intriguing and combining together with a similarly checkered result. There has been much said, and with truth, about the sense of virtuous indignation which inspired Congress to oppose BALMACEDA's unconstitutional proceedings.

But if ever the detailed story of their proceedings is given, it will not read so prettily. There were admittedly men of the old type, actuated by the highest political ideals. But there were others whose views were simply bounded by "boodle." The ex-President's efforts to form a Ministry that would command a working majority in 1889 were frustrated by the impossibility of satisfying the men whom he sought to unite as to the lion's share of the prizes of office. Each wanted them for his immediate following. The Chilean politician of either school is great in oratory. He has, as a rule, a wonderful command of language, and rolls out sounding strings of well-rounded phrases by the hour together, as he denounces, for example, to the people at large, the undue share of the good things of Chili enjoyed by the detested foreigner. In Congress he also maintains a high standard of eloquence in debate. Possibly the substance of his speeches is not always worthy of the sound and style. Still, oratory has been for him, up to the present, an excellent safety-valve. The overwhelming of his political opponents under an avalanche of that sonorous dialect that he fondly conceives to be pure Spanish has hitherto contented him. Let it be hoped that he will remain satisfied with such vituperation, and that the recent example of replacing it by musketry set by BALMACEDA will not prove contagious. But who knows?

THE suspense over the wheat crop of North Dakota and the northwestern counties of Minnesota has grown into positive alarm. Mill and elevator men declare that from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 bushels of wheat will be utterly ruined. Colonel P. B. WALKER, just returned from a trip through the affected section, says: "It made my heart ache to witness the ruin. In order to appreciate it one must actually see it. There are thousands of simply wonderful wheat fields almost utterly destroyed by the rains. The reports published do not cover half the devastation." Wheat on the average-sized farm in the United States is threshed and out of danger long ago. In the extreme northern sections referred to the wheat destroyed in the shock, even on large farms, must be the delayed threshings caused by neglect, by scarcity of help, and by scarcity of threshing machines.

FROM all that can be learned the German concessions on American meat and farm products will be about thirty per cent. Germany is revising its commercial treaties, and the reciprocity arrangement is that the United States will be allowed the same concessions that

are granted favored European nations. On rye it will have greater advantages. At first it was thought in Berlin that these concessions might be made the basis for modifying some of the duties in the McKINLEY bill, but the Kaiser's advisers soon found out such an arrangement was not possible, and they had to be content with the free markets of this country for beet sugar.

By the last Australian mail we learn that Dr. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY, the sole survivor of the Irish patriot leaders of 1848 who were transported to the antipodes, is about to re-enter political life in Queensland. For nearly twenty years he had sat in the Queensland Parliament. Then in 1885 he returned to the old land and entered the House of Commons as member for North Meath. But he did not occupy that seat for many months. He sailed again for Australia, and resumed his practice as a medical man, in Brisbane.

THERE are two sides to every question. A New York City justice has discovered that small articles are left within reach of suspected shoplifters, in some of the large stores, and that young girls have been frequently tempted to steal, in this way. Proprietors of great stores should give this subject careful attention.

POLITICS has reached the stage of white heat, in Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, Iowa and Massachusetts. The Chicago Journal predicts that the Republicans will carry them all. The Democratic organs announce that they will all be carried by the Democrats. The five States will be well carried.

THE Tranby Croft party has now attained the height of notoriety. They have been modeled in wax, and may now be seen in a Glasgow waxworks proprietor's establishment, side by side with malefactors, freaks of nature, and other choice companions.

IT is charged that there are many idlers around the World's Fair headquarters, in Chicago, drawing handsome salaries. Chicago cannot afford to let this continue, or to let the charge go unchallenged, if it is baseless.

It is officially announced that there has been a complete failure of the harvest in thirteen of the provinces of the Russian empire and a partial failure in seven others. The Czarina has given 20,000,000 roubles from the privy purse for the relief of the destitute.

The peasants of Samarah, a province in the eastern part of Russia, have dispatched an urgent address to the Czar in which they say: "We are suffering from famine. The Government does nothing to help us, and our only hope is in thee, our father and Czar. Do not let us die of starvation." If there is anything more pathetic than this appeal, in the whole range of human affairs, it has escaped our notice.

Earthquake shocks were felt at San Francisco and Petaluma, Cal.

The relatives of President Polk have begun a contest of the will of his widow, who bequeathed Polk place to her niece, Mrs. Fall.

The Kentucky Court of Appeals has affirmed a judgment of nine hundred dollars and costs against the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company for repairing its tracks on a Sunday.

J. Homer Waele, Jr., of Cleveland, has given land to the value of twenty-five thousand dollars near the park bearing his name to the Woman's College of Western Reserve University at that place.

At a meeting of the Louisiana State Central Democratic Committee a motion providing for the construction of the Committee on Credentials was carried by a vote of thirty-nine lottery to thirty-eight anti-lottery votes. Chairman Lanier, anti-lottery, not voting.

C. F. Heinrichs, a disappointed inventor, committed suicide at Chicago by inhaling chloroform. By his bedside were found the model of an uncompleted electrical machine and letters addressed to H. Brandis, No. 58 Fulton street, New York, and Gotfried C. Sample, No. 49 Leicester Square, London.

A special commission appointed to negotiate with the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians for the purchase of a portion of the Wind River reservation in Wyoming, has completed a successful treaty. One million acres have been purchased for \$600,000.

At Washington, the trustees of the American University gave a reception in the parlors of the Arlington Hotel to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference. The guests were received by Bishop and Mrs. Huerst, the Rev. H. Baldwin, Mrs. John A. Logan, Bishop and Mrs. Newman, District Commissioner Douglass, ex-Mayor and Mrs. Emery, Mrs. Senator Teller, Bishop and Mrs. Andrews, and Mrs. Blunnett, of Wilkesbarre. Mr. Moulton and Mr. Duval made the presentation. The parlors and dining-room were handsomely decorated with flowers, tropical plants and vines. Addresses were made by Bishop Bowman, Bishop Hurts, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Bishops Hendrix and Newman, the Rev. W. A. Bartlett, the Rev. T. B. Stephenson and the Rev. J. W. Hamilton. The marine band furnished the music.

Secretary Rusk assured a committee from the New York Produce Exchange that pork products stamped at abattoirs in the West could be re-examined at the port of export.

NOTICE.—The awards in the Dickens Contest will appear in our next issue.



SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, the famous poet, who is now among us, is a slimy-bull, thick-featured man of copper-complexion, with straggling brown-gray hair and a thin pointed beard. He talks rapidly, and is not chary of his opinions. He is fifty-nine, and after graduating at Oxford, went out to Bombay to teach Sanskrit in the Government College. This was in 1854. After seven years he resigned this post and returned to England, where he formed the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, of which he has been editor for many years. He enjoys the distinction of having arranged the expedition of George Smith to Assyria and Henry M. Stanley to Africa, while his articles at the time of the Russo-Turkish War attracted universal attention; but, withal, his chief claim to public notice is in the character of a poet. His "Light of Asia," an epic poem upon the life and teachings of Buddha, which was published in 1879, has passed through no fewer than twenty-six editions in England alone, and its popularity in America has been no less remarkable. Only second to the success of this extraordinary book has been that of its companion volumes. Judged by the popular voice, there can be no question that his place is in the front rank of modern poets, though it must be confessed that his "Light of the World" hardly came up to expectations. He has been profusely decorated by most of the sovereigns of Europe, and is an indefatigable worker, having devoted many years' attention to the study of Indian literature. Latterly, however, he seems to have become enamored of the Japanese; so much so, that last year it was announced he had settled down permanently at Tokio, and that he had adopted native customs, even to the extent of taking off his shoes on entering a house. It was also rumored that he was engaged to a Japanese maiden of high degree. But he is still a widower, his first wife having been a grand niece of William Ellery. His long-lost son recently perpetrated a historical novel which is not without merit. Some two years ago he paid a flying visit to the United States, accompanied by his daughter, and conceived an unlimited admiration for our institutions; but he opines that Walt Whitman's poverty is a disgrace to the country.

HENRY JOHN ATKINSON, the noted English politician, who is at present visiting this country as a delegate to the Methodist Congress, is rising four-and-sixty. In appearance he would pass for a replica of John Wesley. He has a long mane of thick white hair, coal-black, burly eyebrows and a strong-marked, clean-shaven face framed in a fringe of silvery chin whiskers. He wears spectacles and speaks with a pleasant Yorkshire accent. He devoutly believes that speech is silver, and has perhaps asked more questions, made more speeches and inflicted more boredom than any other member of Parliament ever did in the same space of time, so that he is generally accounted the most troublesome member of the House of Commons. He was recently suspended for accusing the Speaker of intentional discourtesy. The Speaker said he was frivolous. This got him madder than a March hare ever was, and he affirmed in vigorous terms that he would never rest till the imputation was removed. But this is only one of his many interesting achievements. Politically he is a Tory and an enthusiastic oppressor of Ireland. He is also a rampant Methodist and is called a "Monstrosity" by his Nonconformist brethren. When the American Methodists visited England he entertained them at dinner, and caused no end of fun by putting one black and then one white bishop all the way round the table. Just after his suspension he attempted to entertain a party of friends on the terrace of the House, but was removed by the Sergeant-at-arms. In the confusion he left his overcoat behind. In one of the pockets there was several thousand pounds in banknotes. He could not get back to recover it, and had to wait until the next day, when he secured it, carelessly thrown over a chair and the money intact. It is said that he haunted the precincts of the House in a rowboat on the Thames during the night. He is quite wealthy, having amassed a fortune in the shipping business, so that he can afford to indulge his foibles. He was formerly mayor of Hull as well as American Consul there, and he has been decorated with the order of Red Eagle of Prussia. Withal, he is an original, persistent man, who can be unduly aggressive on occasion, and who is likely to give more genuine pleasure to Uncle Sam than any other foreigner who has visited these shores for some years.

WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, the United States Minister at the Court of the Kaiser, is a dark-eyed, thin-faced, active man with a drooping moustache and goatee, and wears a *negligé* bang and just the faintest suspicion of side-whiskers. He is rising three-and-fifty, is somewhat nervous of manner and dresses with punctilious care. He is strong-minded politically, and without being an orator can make a good speech on occasion. He represented New Jersey in Congress before President Harrison appointed him to fill Murat Halstead's shoes when the latter's nomination was rejected by the Senate. His salary is only seventeen thousand five hundred dollars a year, but he has an ample private fortune and has spent considerable money in fitting up a suitable residence in Berlin, where he gives entertainments on a scale of undiluted splendor. He has labored with much assiduity for the vindication of the American hog, which has been the subject of grave diplomacy for almost ten years, and his efforts have recently been crowned with success, Germany having absolutely rescinded her measures against the exportation of American pork.

NOTICE.—It is absolutely indispensable that Subscribers who have communications to address regarding their subscriptions, non-delivery of mail, change of address, etc., should give the number as printed on the wrapper label.



WELL EARNED REST AFTER AN UNUSUALLY BUSY SUMMER SEASON, WHICH CULMINATES IN A LONG LIST OF AUTUMN MARRIAGES.

HE LOVED ME ONCE.

BY CHRISTIE.

He loved me once!

Ah, then the earth was fair,
The sun shone brightly, and the balmy air
Was filled with fragrance of a thousand flowers,
Which blossomed sweetly in the sunny bowers.

He loved me once!

The very birds seemed gay,
And sang their sweetest songs that summer day;
How blithe was I—nor pain nor care could take
The sunshine from that hour, for his dear sake.

He loved me once!

But that was long ago;
And summer sun is changed to frost and snow,
The flowers are dead, the birds are gone, and I
Am dull and dreary as the winter sky.

COOPER'S NOVELS.

NOT long ago, inquiry at one of the largest public libraries in the United States brought out the fact that the novels of James Fenimore Cooper were called for more frequently than those of any other among the famous novelists, not excepting Dickens, Bulwer, Sir Walter Scott and Thackeray.

It is just seventy years since Cooper published his first novel, "Precaution," which fell flat; and it is just forty years, now, since his career as an author ended by his death (September 14, 1851), after he had won a renown unequalled in this country, by a series of successful fictions. At that time his fame was high and his popularity immense. His best-known works had been translated into several foreign languages, and were read by intelligent people all over the world. His celebrity was no doubt the most widespread, up to then, enjoyed by an American—at least, by any American author but Benjamin Franklin, who was known to the Chinese and revered by them, under the form of portraits and porcelain statuettes, as a sort of New World Confucius. Whether the youth of the Flowery Kingdom employed their almond eyes in perusing "The Last of the Mohicans," I am not informed. But it is altogether probable that, at the date of his death, Cooper was intimately known and admired, through his writings, by thousands of people in remote quarters of the globe, to whom George Washington was little more than a name. What is most astonishing, however, is that now, forty years after his actual career ceased, his fame flourishes unfaded and his hold on readers is as strong as it was while he lived.

Fashions in literature, especially in fiction, follow one another rapidly, and pass away again. It might be fancied that in half a century's whirl of literary "schools" and fads, people would be carried away from an old favorite like Cooper and forget him. But it has not happened so, at all. He enchants the present and the rising generations precisely as he did the generation with which he grew up, or that which came into being while he was in full play of early authorship. What is the secret of his continuing fascination?

To begin with, Cooper did not confine himself to any particular fashion or freak in literature. By some he was called "The American Scott." Yet even that complimentary title did him injustice; for he was in some respects very unlike Scott, and by no means an imitator. Victor Hugo, the most brilliant and renowned among modern French romancers and poets, went so far as to declare that the author of "The Spy" should even be placed above Walter Scott in the ranks of genius. However that may be, Cooper had a style and a mind of his own, from which he would not swerve for any man or any opinion. Consequently he remains the same to us, now, that he was to a former generation, and continues to attract us by his rugged yet charming individuality. This is one source of his power. Another source is, that no one before him had written stories distinctively American—stories which could not have been produced on any other soil than that of the United States. As the *North American Review* observed, many years ago: "He has laid the foundations of American romance, and is really the first who has deserved the appellation of a distinguished American novel-writer." And a famous French critic, writing of him at the time of his death, said: "No American writer had pushed so far as he did the picturesque reproduction of American thought and life."

Still a third element of strength in Cooper was that he produced an immense amount of writing constantly, during thirty years, and that it was all good of its kind. In that time he wrote—besides his elaborate "History of the United States Navy" and some volumes of travel—thirty-four novels; among them such masterpieces as "The Spy," "The Pioneers," "The Pilot," "Last of the Mohicans," "Red Rover," "The Pathfinder," "Deerslayer," "The Prairie," all the favorite "Leather-Stocking Tales," and a number more which are still of absorbing interest. At sea or on land he was equally at home. In addition to those just named, what a wonderful group of sea-tales is formed by "The Water-Witch," "The Two Admirals," "Wing and Wing," "Afloat and Ashore," "Jack Tier" and "The Sea Lions!" Cooper set the pattern for Captain Marryat, who did not even begin to write until after our author had won fame with his first two romances of the ocean. It should be remembered that when the American undertook "The Pilot" he was making a new departure. To center the interest of a novel wholly on marine affairs was then a thing almost unheard of; and, as it has since been said truly, the two real heroes of this book are the Sea and the Ship. At one bound he produced an ideal specimen of this sort of story, and all those who have since dealt in nautical romance, from Marryat down to Clark Russell, must acknowledge Cooper as their chief.

It is remarkable, too, that a writer so strongly American should have been nearly as successful in treating the foreign material of "The Bravo," "The Headsman," "The

Heidenmauer" and "Mercedes of Castile" as he was in handling home subjects. It is by this breadth of range, and his power of depicting vividly whatever he touches, that he appeals to a variety of tastes and gathers both young and old into a willing audience. I remember well that, when I was a boy, the principal of the school which I attended openly reproached me before my class—although I stood near the head of it—because he had learned that I spent a good deal of time, at home, in reading Cooper's novels; but I have never been convinced that they hindered my progress. On the contrary, they helped me. Many hours each day were passed in hard work at my appointed lessons; and if I sometimes cut them a little short, when absorbed in the romantic pages of Cooper, the change refreshed my brain and enabled me to return to studying with new vigor. His novels are manly, inspiring, full of fresh air and solid strength; and therefore are just as wholesome for the schoolboy as they are for the grown man.

No small part of Cooper's attraction lies in his faculty of making every detail of the chosen scene absolutely real to us. He is deliberate, even slow in his narrative at times; but when we have once begun to read him it is hardly possible to break off. Although he never hesitates to pause at an exciting moment and to go into the minutest details of description, the delay is always well repaid, because these details give us a complete picture. More than this, they seem to place us on the actual spot, and put us in as complete possession of the facts as if we had examined it with our own eyes. When we have finished one of his books we are so familiar with the subject that it is difficult not to fancy we knew all about it before, and could ourselves have described forest-life, the Indian, the prairies and the ship in battle or in storm just as he has done it. As Philarrète Charles, the French critic, wrote of him, he reproduces all: "green savannahs, plains of sand, ancient oaks, unbounded deserts, lakes resembling oceans, the vast shade of those forests where the shade is eternal. Let him launch himself upon the sea, his enthusiasm becomes a sort of religious ecstasy. You would say that the waves belong to him, so beautiful in their terror are his maritime pictures, so sublime in their truth! . . . Everything on his ships or around them is action and life, character and poetry. . . . The sails are in motion, the cables groan and yards creak; the tar reeks, the sailors sing, the captain pipes his orders; then the waste of water whitens and billows smite the flank of the vessel, roaring. No more land, now; nothing that recalls it!"

His own life and experience gave Cooper the knowledge and experience needed for creating these extraordinary effects. In childhood he lived with his father at what is now Cooperstown, N. Y., on a large tract of land beside Otsego Lake, which was then a borderland of civilization upon the edge of a wilderness where wild game still abounded. Trappers and half-tamed Indians loitered around the rude settlement; and it was there that he collected, in boyhood, those impressions of quaint or savage characters and of the primitive woodland which we find reproduced in one of his early novels, "The Pioneers." At sixteen, after studying in Yale College, he entered the United States navy as a midshipman, and remained six years in that service. When he resigned, and married, it was to settle in Westchester, where he became thoroughly acquainted with all that ground on which, later, he was to place the imaginary, yet half historical, incidents of his immortal "Spy;" and, later, he went back to his inherited estate at Cooperstown, making his permanent home there. His beginning to write was accidental. Yet, as we may now easily see, no one could have had a better special preparation for the work he was to do. And so it happened that Cooper's novels were in a peculiar sense true. They were striking and faithful records of places, persons and things which he had actually seen and observed on sea or land; or the like of which, at least, he had known. Although he arranged or amplified the material to suit himself, and invented a great deal, and romanced to his heart's content and ours, still the gist of it all was real, and belonged to his own experience. It is this truth and honesty—corresponding to an equal truth and honesty in the man himself—which gave to Cooper's novels their peculiar and tenacious grasp upon our minds. We believe in them. They become to us just as real as most recitals of actual events.

Real as they are, though, in this way, they are also full of poetry. The dialogues of his braves, or between his Redskins and the "pale-faces"—or the converse between Conanchet and Narra-mattah, in "The Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish"—are exquisitely, sublimely poetic. Some keen cynics have doubted the correctness of these imaginative flights; but if we admit the doubt of the cynics, all the greater must be our admiration for Cooper, since he was able to conceive such lovely strains of eloquence without aid from fact. But, for my part, I believe he was accurate, and that he knew a thousand times more about the real redman than his critics could or did know. If he idealized Uncas, in "The Last of the Mohicans," and gave us there a touching episode of the young chief's unselfish love for the white girl Cora, he never failed to present all Indians as they were and are—a mixture of intense, contradictory traits both fierce and kindly; the wild, bewildering, yet pathetic, barbarian. Cooper's Indian, taken generally, is one of the most truthful and marvelous revelations of savage human nature ever made, and is not likely to be equaled. Again, look at his hearty white men, among whom are "the pilot," that daring Irish patriot in the American cause, Paul Jones; or Natty Bumppo, otherwise known as Longue-Carabine; Pathfinder, Deerslayer, with his "noiseless laugh"—a personification of backwoods caution, heroism, skill and unselfishness; or Long Tom Coffin, whose sailorman nature is summed in one speech: "Give me plenty of sea-room and good canvas . . . For my part, I was born on board a chebeco-man, and never could see the use of more land than now and then a small island to raise a few vegetables, and to dry

your fish." How true, how vigorous they are! It has been said that his women characters are colorless and artificial; but there are many of us who will agree to the declaration that Cooper's delineation of women (or, as he called them, "females"), was well-nigh Shakespearean in its delicacy, strength and sympathy. Cora, Ruth Heathcote, and the poor, homely wife of the skipper, in "Jack Tier," who disguised herself as a sailor and followed her faithless husband in his cruises—even serving in his own crew, unknown to him—are examples of Cooper's power in representing different types of women. His truth, sincerity and grace in depicting these, and in surrounding even the humblest woman with a certain atmosphere of holiness, do him honor.

Everywhere through his fiction—which I find now as fascinating at forty as I did at fourteen—Cooper brings us up square to the truth: the veracity of wild Nature in wave or wilderness; of mingled impulse in the redman; of baseness or nobility in the white; of something inexpressibly pure and deserving of reverence in woman. Add to this fidelity his command of ingenious plot and his thrilling power of recounting incidents or adventures full of peril or excitement, and you have two of the main elements in his lasting success. Since he used these same qualities in displaying to the world the truth of scenery, characters and of early history in the United States, and was intensely American in spirit, one can easily understand why Daniel Webster should have said of Cooper: "While the love of country continues to prevail, his memory will exist in the hearts of the people."

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

HOW A GIRL GETS OUT OF A HAMMOCK.



ALTHOUGH there are many performances by the girl beautiful that must ever be insoluble mysteries to men, there is perhaps no other in the whole category that is more deeply shrouded in darkness than that which appertains to the mystic, subtle methods she employs in getting out of a hammock.

It is not at all likely that any man knows just how she accomplishes the very artistic result of getting out of the hammock without displaying more than the toe of her slipper. Even the

men who have seen her get out of the hammock cannot give an intelligent account of it. Their descriptions and word-paintings of this beautiful subject are apt to be misty and unsatisfactory as regards facts. They only know that the whole movement was accomplished in the briefest period of time; and before they thought she was ready to begin, she was on her feet on the sward investigating the surroundings, to ascertain if she had been observed or not.

Another mystery, but not as great a one to most men, is the knowledge of the motions a woman employs in climbing over a fence in the country. We, of course, know how she reaches the other side of the fence when the climbing movement is omitted. She will crawl under or between the rails without the slightest manifestation of fright or nervousness, such as she exhibits while walking up the fence as up a ladder. Before stepping upon the lowest rail she scrutinizes the vicinity long and wide with the penetrating eye of a lynx. As she steps upon the second rail she takes another look around, and pauses as though uncertain whether to proceed or not, if it is the moth season, and she happens to notice on a neighboring clothes-line the casual swallow-tail coat out for a brief airing. If, instead of a swallow-tail she observes a seal skin sacque upon the waving clothes-line, of course her feelings are of a very different character. She is inspired by a confidence that is at once serene and lovely, while she climbs up the fence as nimbly as a squirrel. When she is about to clear the top rail she takes another look to satisfy herself that she is unobserved. It is at this supreme moment that, by a quick movement, entirely unknown to man, she whisks over and is on the ground, feeling greatly relieved after the momentary ordeal. No man knows just what the woman does after her foot reaches the third rail from the ground. It is a thing that must remain as great a mystery as her method of getting out of a hammock. It is not a difficult matter for the girl to get into the hammock with consummate grace and art, nor does it tax her to disport in it with great artistic effect, when once she is reposing in its folds and being waved gently to and fro by the fragrant breeze. She lies in the wind, so to speak, with the grace that a lily floats upon the stream. She is a vision of delight while she reads her novel or looks into the foliage above, and lapses into sweet forgetfulness.

Any man who observes her while she is in the hammock, especially if she makes the slightest motion, is on the *quiver* to see her alight upon the sward; not that he thinks she will prove a more enchanting figure on mother earth than while reclining gracefully in the summer airship, but because he would learn just how she accomplishes the ever-interesting, all-absorbing feat.

After she is capering about on the ground, the man who has seen her alight has not the slightest idea of how she did it. All he can remember is a sudden rustle of crinoline, a vivid flash of white against the background of green earth, and all is gone forever. He goes back a minute or two and tries to recall its minutest details, but in vain. He might as well try to recall the delicate color of the ball of the Roman candle after it has melted into inky darkness.

It is doubtless this very unsatisfactory feature of the girl's descent from the hammock that makes it such a delicate spectacle to the average man as it is said to be. Perhaps if she were to get out of the hammock slowly and deliberately and clumsily, like a fat man feeling his way down from the top of an Adirondack stage, the picture would be robbed of all its wild romantic charm, and, re-

garded from a purely æsthetic point of view, would be anything but a poetically beautiful situation. At least we imagine this would be the case, and advance it only for what it may be worth as a theory.

It is next to impossible to say just the period of time that is occupied by the girl from the time she makes up her mind to alight until she is actually upon the ground, but it is estimated, by those who have had the rare good fortune to observe the spectacle, that the time measurement is not more than a second and a quarter. It is impossible, however, to credit this statement, as regards time. We say this only while considering the manner in which time hangs or flies, according to circumstances. If you have to wait ten minutes for a train at a country station, it seems an hour, while, if you walk an hour with a pretty girl in the moonlight, the walk never strikes you as occupying more than three or four minutes. Perhaps the girl, in getting out of the hammock, exhausts three or four or even ten minutes, while through the ravishing character of the picture it flashes by, and is gone and over in a period that does not seem to exceed a second.

Yet, if the same girl, in climbing a fence or getting out of a hammock, should wear an ordinary fashionable bathing-suit, it is not at all likely that her movements would attract such attention and hold the rapt spectator so firmly rooted to the spot—even if the act should occupy an hour and a half.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

TWELVE IMMORTAL PAINTINGS BY OLD MASTERS.



WHAT twelve paintings by the old masters are immortal? was the question put recently by ONCE A WEEK to an American artist of name and fame.

"That seems at first blush an easy question to answer," he replied; "but, when you come to settle upon any twelve pictures, you find at once that you will run counter to individual tastes and to the verdict of

art critics. Any list of twelve paintings by the old masters would be largely the result of personal prejudice, and must be, therefore, more or less arbitrary."

"Still, in your opinion, what twelve pictures have stood the test of time and of critics?" was urged.

"Well, if you really wish my list of the twelve masterpieces, I shall gladly give it to you. I will select an example or two from the different countries of Europe, but I warn you that the 'personal equation' enters into my choice of pictures.

"First, we take representatives of art in Italy. Leonardo da Vinci was born at Vinci, in the neighborhood of Florence, 1452, and was endowed with extraordinary talents; for not only was he a painter, but he was a sculptor, an architect, an engineer and a writer. Leonardo entered into the service of the Gonzago family, of Milan, where he remained fourteen years. It was while at the court of Milan that he painted his famous 'Cenacolo,' or 'Last Supper,' upon the plastered walls of the refectory of the Dominican convent. The place was damp, and, even before the French troops entered Milan and converted the refectory into a stable, the colors had begun to fade. The original is now carefully guarded in its ancient place in the Convent of the Madonna della Grazia. The description of this masterpiece may be given briefly, as follows: The Saviour is seated in the middle of the assembled company before a long table, the disciples making two distinct groups on each side of the Master. The prophetic words of Christ, 'One of you shall betray me,' have occasioned the deepest emotion. To the left of the Master, one group of faces are turned towards the Saviour, while the figures in the second group are speaking to each other, the faces showing doubt, suspicion, astonishment and horror, in various shades. To the right of the Saviour, the figures seem to be conversing in low tones, and the faces show keen interest and anxiety in the words just uttered. The betrayer sits in the center of the first group; he seems to be looking askance at Christ as if to ask, 'Master, is it I?' While following the gospel account, his left hand and Christ's right hand reach out, quite unconsciously, to the dish in front of them. The whole scene is vividly expressed, and gives an idea of what might have occurred at the 'Last Supper.'

"Next, in point of time, we single out Michael Angelo Buonarroti, who was born at Castel Caprese, near Arezzo, in Tuscany, 1475. Like Leonardo, Angelo was not only a painter, but so multifarious were his pursuits, and so greatly did he excel in all, that people loved to call him 'Michael the Angel,' and an Admirable Crichton among painters. In 1504 Angelo was invited to Rome by Pope Julius II., who was succeeded by Leo X. Both of these Popes commissioned the painter to decorate the famous Sistine Chapel, and Pope Paul III. signalized his election to the papacy by having Angelo finish the decorations begun under the reigns of his predecessors. Michael Angelo was then nearly sixty years of age, and he painted on the wall of the chapel, at the upper end, his celebrated painting, 'The Last Judgment.' Thus he was thirty-nine years of age when he first painted the ceiling of the Sistine, and he was over sixty when he began to paint the 'Day of Judgment,' which is somber and awful, in the main.

"Of the first-named picture, we may say that it took the painter eight years, and is forty-seven feet high by forty-three wide. In the 'Last Judgment,' Christ is the central figure. The Virgin Mary is clinging to his knees, and the Shekinah, or glory of the Lord, shines from His person on the immense circle of saints that surround Him. Below this group is the Angel Gabriel with the trumpet calling all men to judgment on the last day. From the depths below rise those awakened from the dead, while, to the right, the condemned are struggling upwards only to be thrust down again by angels and devils. Above

are the ranks of the blessed, holding aloft the instruments of the death and the passion of the Redeemer, to signify that death has been swallowed up in victory.

"In the next place, we select Raphael Sanzio, who was born in the town of Urbino. In his twenty-fifth year Raphael was commissioned by Pope Julius to paint the *Camera or Stanze* chambers of the Vatican. He died on his thirty-eighth birthday, and when his body lay in state, his great unfinished picture of the 'Transfiguration' was hung over the bier. Raphael excelled in portraits, and his wonderful picture of Leo X. is often counted to be the best in the world for fidelity of detail and of likeness. Of Raphael's Madonnas I should like to speak, and so, too, I should like to notice his striking cartoons, but space forbids. I content myself with giving a brief description of the 'Transfiguration.' The painting represents two separate incidents. The upper part is remarkable for the expression on the face of the Saviour. 'He was despised and rejected of man, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' The prostrate forms of the Apostles are seen, and all faces are averted from the overpowering flood of light. The lad whom the Saviour restored to right mind on descending from the Mount of Olives, is seen in deep abasement below the main group. The picture is remarkable for its wealth of color, and for wondrous charm of beauty and perfect symmetry.

"Contemporaneous with the three great painters already noticed was Titian, or Tiziano Vecelli, who was born at Capo del Cadore, in Venetian state, 1477. Titian studied in Venice, and in 1516 painted his greatest sacred picture, the 'Assumption of the Virgin.' He went to Rome in his later years, and he was eighty-one when he painted the 'Martyrdom of St. Lawrence,' one of the largest and most ambitious of his paintings. His two most powerful pictures are, the 'Entombment of Christ,' and the 'Assumption of the Virgin.' Both are in the Academy, Venice. In the last-named picture, which many art critics regard as his masterpiece, the Madonna, a powerful figure, is borne rapidly upwards, 'as if divinely impelled.' . . . fascinating groups of infant angels surround her, beneath stand the Apostles, looking up with solemn gestures.

"As representatives of later Italian art, we select pictures by Correggio, Veronese, and Guido.

"The real name of the first-named painter was Antonio Allegri, but he takes his popular name from his birthplace, Correggio, where he was born, about 1494. His famous 'Notte,' or Night, is in the Dresden Gallery. An art writer says that one of the Dukes of Modena was suspected of having caused 'Notte' to be stolen from a church at Reggio, and that the princes of Este were wont to carry 'Magdalene Reading' with them on their journeys, while the King of Poland kept it under lock and key in a frame of jeweled silver. In the 'Notte,' often called 'The Nativity,' we see the infant Saviour lying in the straw in the manger. Virgin and child are illumined and half lost in radiance, which lightly falls on Joseph, who is leading the ass, leaving the other figures and the surroundings of the stable in faint shadow.

"Paul Cagliari, of Verona, better known as Paul Veronese, was born in Verona, 1530. He went to Venice and there made his mark as a great painter. One of his best pictures is the 'Marriage of Cana,' painted for the refectory of the convent of San Giorgio, Venice, and now in the Louvre, Paris. It has been beautifully described as follows: 'It is not less than thirty feet long and twenty feet high, and contains about one hundred and thirty figures, life size. A sumptuous hall of richest architecture; lofty columns: long lines of marble balustrades rising against the sky; a crowd of guests splendidly attired are seated at tables covered with gorgeous vases of gold and silver, attended by slaves, jesters, pages and musicians. In the midst of all this dazzling pomp, these moving figures, we begin after a while to distinguish our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, the twelve Apostles, mingled with Venetian senators and ladies; monks, friars, poets, artists, all portraits of personages existing in his own time; while in a group of musicians he has introduced himself and Tintoretto playing the violoncello, while Titian plays the bass. The bride in the picture is said to be a portrait of Eleanor of Austria, sister of Charles V., and second wife of Francis I.'

"Guido Reni was born at Bologna, 1575. He went with the painter, Carracci, to Rome, and remained there for twenty years. His masterpiece is 'Phœbus and Aurora,' in a pavilion of the Hospiglioni Palace at Rome. It represents the Hours encircling the car of Phœbus, which is advancing at high speed, whilst in front Aurora sails on a golden cloud, scattering showers of flowers on the earth. Above the heads of the divine couriers hovers the morning star, in the form of a beautiful cherub, bearing his flaming torch.

"We now select a representative of later Flemish art. Peter Paul Rubens was born in Westphalia, on the day of St. Peter and St. Paul, 1577. He went to Italy in 1600, and remained there eight years. On his return he settled down in his native Antwerp. Once or twice he went abroad to paint, at the special request of princes and sovereigns. By critics, the 'Descent from the Cross' is regarded as Rubens's masterpiece, although 'The Virgin and the Serpent,' 'The Carrying off of Proserpine' and the picture of the Arundel Family, are gems in their way. His mythological picture, 'Battle of the Amazons,' is said to be the only battle-piece that can stand comparison with Raphael's 'Battle of Constantine.' The 'Descent from the Cross' is a single large group, distinguished by luminous coloring and correct drawing, and with regard to which connoisseurs say that the mass of white sheet against which the body of Christ is in relief must be regarded as a bold artistic venture. One writer says that this picture is a wonderful monument of the daring genius of the painter. The grandest picture in the world for composition, drawing and coloring. Rubens and Rembrandt have sometimes been contrasted as the painters of light and darkness. Rembrandt Van Rhyen was born near Leyden, about

1606 (there is doubt as to the exact year), and stands second—or next to Rubens—in the list of Flemish artists. It is in scenes by firelight or torchlight that he is superior to all, his only rival being, perhaps, Albrecht Dürer, who is the only great representative of German art of this period. Dürer was born in quaint old Nuremberg, 1471. He visited Italy and there studied under and with famous Italian masters. Among Dürer's greatest paintings are his 'Adoration of the Trinity,' at Vienna; 'Adam and Eve,' at Florence, and 'The Apostles,' presented by the painter to his own city of Nuremberg, where his house still stands, and his tomb bears the motto, 'Enigrauit.' Dürer's work as a painter is far less known than his engravings, which are famous the world over.

"As the highest representatives of Spanish art we have the paintings of Velasquez and Murillo. Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez was born in Seville, 1599. He went to Madrid in 1622, and became court painter. Rubens came to Madrid in 1628, and by his advice Velasquez decided to visit Italy. On his return to Madrid he was loaded with favors, and in painting one of his most celebrated pictures, 'The Maids of Honor,' Velasquez represented himself with the key of his office at the girdle, to which Philip II., who came to see the progress of the picture, added the knightly insignia with the brush with his own hands. Some art critics are disposed to rank the 'Spinners' higher than 'The Maids of Honor.' The scene is a large weaving-room, in which an old woman and young one sit, the first at her spinning-wheel, and the second winding yarn, with three girls beside them, one of whom plays with a cat. In the background, standing within an alcove filled with the light from an unseen window, are two other women displaying a large piece of tapestry to a lady customer, whose graceful figure recalls that which has given its name to Terburg's picture of 'The Satin Gown.' Murillo was born in Seville in 1618, and was advised and aided by Velasquez. His best pictures are 'Moses Striking the Rock,' 'Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes,' 'Santa Rufina and Santa Justina,' and his own favorite picture, 'Mi Cicadro' of St. Thomas of Villaneuva.

"The two representatives of French art of this period are Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorraine. Claude Gellée, better known as Claude Lorraine, was born at Chateau de Chamagne, in 1600. He went to Rome when a young man, and only once re-visited France in 1625 or '27. There was a time when Claude was 'cried up to the skies,' but a revolt against the accepted verdict was led by the English landscape painter, Turner, who bequeathed two of his own landscape paintings on the 'caustic condition' that they should always be placed between two celebrated Claude's 'The Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca' and 'The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba.' Mr. Ruskin has adopted Turner's opinion, and the result has been that there has been a reversal of a verdict in favor of Claude. But Mr. Ruskin calls Nicolas Poussin 'the great master of elevated ideal landscape,' and admits that 'all the landscape of Poussin is imagination.' It is as a historical painter that Poussin won fame in his day. His 'Death of Germanicus' and 'The Capture of Jerusalem,' and, according to Mr. Ruskin, his 'Phocian,' in the National Gallery, is 'one of the finest landscapes that ancient art has produced, the work of a really great mind.'

"Hans Holbein was born at Augsburg, about 1494 or 1495. While still a young man, Holbein painted what is regarded as his masterpiece, the 'Meier Madonna,' now at Darmstadt, with a copy in the Dresden Gallery. In 1526 or 1527, Holbein went to England, was introduced to Henry VIII. by Sir Thomas More, and was received into the King's service. The 'Meier, or Meyer Madonna' is sometimes called the Meier family adoring the infant Christ in the arms of the Virgin. The figures are Burgomaster Meier and his wife; their son, with a little boy nude beside him; another elderly woman, and beside her the young daughter of the house. In the center stands the Madonna, holding in her arms an infant stretching out its left hand to the group of worshipers. There has been some misunderstanding as to the import of the picture. Mr. Ruskin regards the picture as an offering for the recovery of a sick child. At Basle, Holbein executed the designs for those wonderful series of wood-cuts called 'The Dance of Death.' Much of Holbein's best work are his portrait sketches with chalk, on flesh-tinted paper.

"Finally, we select the work of Antony Van Dyck, who was born at Antwerp in 1599. He spent five years in Italy, and paid several visits to England, where he was graciously received by Charles I. He was knighted and received commissions enough to keep him busy all the time. Van Dyck was *par excellence* in painting portraits, and of his 'Wilton Family,' some one has said that 'it might have been covered with gold as a price to obtain it.' This is the story of the picture: Earl Philip, of Pembroke, having caused his family to meet, informs them with emotion of the necessity of his eldest son Charles going into the army of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, there to acquire military honor and experience, notwithstanding his having just married Mary, daughter of George, Duke of Buckingham. Lord Herbert is receiving the news with ardor, the young bride is turning aside her fair face to hide her tears. The Earl and Countess are seated on a dais; the former wears a great lace collar, an order on his breast, and has great shoes with roses; the latter has flowing curls, hanging sleeves, arms crossed, necklace on the bare neck.

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ONCE A WEEK, New York.

ONCE A WEEK.

SATAN ! ! !

GET THEM BEHIND ME



WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN, IF HE GAIN THE WHOLE
LD, AND LOSE HIS OWN SOUL ? MARK 8. 36-

CORRUPTION WINS. NOT

NOT MORE THAN HONESTY." *Shuman*

EVEN THE KING, VULGAR



BE
CALLED
FOR
THE
MORAL

THE AGE OF GHOUlishNESS.
STREET BARRICADE AGAINST
HONEST BUSINESS.

"FOR WHAT, SHUMAN, IS THIS WORLD?"

IS THIS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

A HAUNTED JAIL.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Author of "The Chronicles of Newgate,"
"Fast and Loose," etc.

(Continued.)

As time passed, the unhappy gate-keeper had found more and more reason to quarrel with his fate. To his unutterable disgust, both he and his edifice were now under the borough jurisdiction. The Government was now nominally his master, but the salary it allowed him as caretaker was paid to him by the governor of the Borough Jail. The latter, a pompous upstart, who had once been his comrade and fellow warder, now came to the County Jail assuming airs of authority; critically examining its contents, and where things pleased him, ordering their immediate transfer to his own hateful establishment. By degrees, Sharland saw the old jail robbed and gutted before his very eyes. There was no end to the spoliation. The condemned cell itself was threatened, and the Museum of Horrors, with all its ghastly contents, was to be removed bodily to the Town Hall.

"I wonder he don't dig up the bodies in the burial ground"—a narrow strip within the walls, where the hangman's victims were deposited as soon as they were cut down. "It's enough to make them turn in their graves, or get up and walk the jail."

What was that? He halted all at once: pulled up short and sharp by a sound like the din of a great explosion; it might have been a thunder clap, or the discharge of some great gun. One of the doors, the most distant from where he stood, had closed—banged to—of itself, or by some unknown agency. But what—or whose?

While he still wondered, startled—nay, terrified—there was a second similar report. A third and a fourth followed. All the doors that interposed between him and the first were banged, or banged themselves, one after another, each with a louder report, till the last of this long salvo of mysterious artillery, only a few paces from him, went off with a final tremendous crash, followed by a swift current of cold air, in which his lantern was extinguished.

He stood there immovable. He could not say how long.

It was at a particularly gruesome spot, too. Hard by were the condemned cells. Close at hand was the grim platform on which the law's "finisher" carried out the last penalty. There lay the mortuary, the dead house, where the bodies, cut down from the gallows, were bestowed in shells filled with quicklime, awaiting interment in their nameless graves below. The surroundings intensified the horror of his situation. An awful stillness had succeeded the strange disturbance. He was in black darkness, too, and alone!

Nay, was he alone? A vague sense that Something—some preternatural presence—hovered near, that fiery eyes glared at him through the impenetrable gloom, that voices, weird and wailing, broke the prevailing silence.

He made straight, and by the most direct route, for the front of the jail, where his quarters were—in the lodge, looking out on the street. He panted for the outer air, for a sight of the gas lamps, for the sounds and society, however distant, of his fellow men.

At any other time he would have been surprised and greatly annoyed to find that the small wicket in the main entrance gates was open, and that his daughter was gossiping with some one outside. All he did was to gasp out, "Bina! Bina!" and seize her arm.

"Oh, father: please. I am so sorry, but David came on purpose to say, to tell you, that—" the girl began, conscience-stricken, eager to explain.

"David? David?" repeated the old gate-keeper, quite vacantly, at first; adding, as he remembered, but with no shade of anger in his tones, "What, Copthorne, the sergeant; is he out there? Call him in, Bina; call him in."

"Bina! Sergeant!" gasped old Sharland, as they stood waiting a little uncomfortably, before him; "there is something wrong inside: something terrible has happened; I think there are ghosts in the jail!" And in a weak, agitated voice, he recounted what had occurred.

The sergeant put on his official manner at once. It was his duty to "investigate" the facts, after the manner of policemen puzzled.

"Is this the first time you have noticed anything queer?" he asked.

"I've not been that way this week or

more. Last time was with Mr. Lockett, the governor of the Borough Jail, when he talked of removing the museum. It's my belief they don't like it."

"They?" interrupted Bina, with a scornful laugh. "What, all those bits of rope and rusty knives?"

"Not them things, of course. But those as used them and now lie buried below the flags of the yard. If they'd only lie there!"

"I think we ought to examine the scene of the disturbance," said the sergeant thoughtfully. This was what he had been taught as the first step in every inquiry.

Old Asa was very loth to re-enter the precinct of the possessed jail, but he was shamed into taking up his keys when his daughter declared she would accompany them.

The three crossed the yard that interposed, like a little flagged forecourt, between the gates and the now quite deserted governor's residence. The latter stood, as was once the invariable rule, in the very heart and center of the jail. The topmost story of this building was occupied by the prison chapel, while in the court, in the very basement, was the entrance to the winding corridor where Sharland had been so terrified, and which on this level made the circuit of the jail.

Hardly were they committed to this subterranean passage than they were startled by another strangely mysterious sound: a strain of music, faint and distant, but unmistakably weird and plaintive in tone.

"It comes from the chapel: some one is playing the harmonium!" said Bina, declining to take flight. "Who could have got in there?"

"Let's go and see," suggested the sergeant, bravely.

"No, no," protested old Sharland. "Not while they're there. It's no one from outside. How could any one get in without our knowing? We have the keys. The gates are always locked: unless you, Bina, let some one pass while my back was turned!"

"Not I, father. If they came in it must have been over the wall, or under it, or through the keyholes."

"Don't jest, child!" said her father, angrily. "It makes me shudder. They might take offense, and pay us off in some awful fashion."

"Are we going to stay here all night, father?" asked Bina, abrupt and bold. "Which shall it be? Up to the chapel, or keep straight on?"

They decided on the former course, and took the nearest of the many approaches to the chapel, a winding, inclosed staircase that led past the governor's quarters to a door that opened directly into his pew.

This pew was in a small gallery, all by itself, raised high above the body of the chapel, with curtains that insured its privacy, but which did not prevent the chief authority of the place from surveying all below. Other means of access to the chapel was afforded by light iron bridges thrown across from the various blocks of prison buildings around.

III.

BINA, who was first, listened at the door directly she reached it. The music was still wailing within, accompanied by a wild, weird chant, rather Satanic than sacred, and sounding terrible in a church. Outwardly undaunted, although her heart was palpitating, she would have gone forward, through the door which was unlocked, into the governor's pew, and actually into the chapel itself, when they heard the door slam on the foot of the stairs.

"There!" cried her father, hysterically. "Just the same thing as before; they want to shut us in for the night."

"You have the key. Go down and open it again," said Bina. "Perhaps you'll find it shut quite naturally."

Seeing Sharland hesitate, she bade her lover accompany him; and when they pressed her to go, too, said—

"No, no. I'm not afraid. I'll stay here till you get back. I shall be all right. Besides, you'll be within call all the time."

So they left her, and while she waited—the music and fiendish hymn never ceasing—her woman's curiosity imperiously impelled her to venture further and just to look inside. With the utmost caution she turned the handle and crept noiselessly into the roomy and curtained pew.

A wan, sickly light filled all the chapel. She was conscious of that as soon as she had passed within. A light, insufficient to illumine objects fully, but in which, peering through the curtains, she could just distinguish a crowd of white-robed, ghostly figures weaving a fantastic, fiendish dance in and out among the benches below. One principal figure stood out alone, just in front of the altar rails, acting as a sort of Corymbus, or leader of the revels, beating time to the ghastly music, and stamping his feet. There was something familiar to

Bina in this chief figure: he bore a shadowy, ghostly resemblance to—

And then, stifling the cry—anguish, terror, or surprise, or all three were forcing on her—she rushed back to the door of the pew, and meeting her father and her lover, then just returned, quickly imparted to them the panic which seemed to possess her, and all three descended, hastily, ignominiously, to the now unlocked door below.

"What was it, Bina? What did you see?" both asked, as soon as they were back in the lodge kitchen.

The girl was now agitated—distressed beyond measure; yet she would not admit it, or describe what she had seen or heard.

Both the men pressed her. "We ought to know all about it, Bina. You're more frightened than I was, I can see that," said her father. "And that settles me. We'll clear out of the jail to-morrow, first thing."

"No, no, father," Bina said, eagerly, assuming a fictitious courage, but why was not so clear. "It would be too cowardly."

"Anyway, I would first recommend a close inspection of all parts of the prison in broad daylight. We shall see then, perhaps, whether any evil-disposed persons can have got access," said the sergeant.

Again Bina negatived the suggestion. "Better do nothing at all," she said. "It might not be safe to go inside the jail, either by day or night. Just leave it to itself."

Perhaps the trouble will pass over in a day or two. And if we ran away, what would people think of us—especially if nothing more was heard?"

Bina's argument was somewhat contradictory. They would have failed to convince any calmer or more independent listeners. But her father was too much upset to use calm judgment, and the sergeant's rather sluggish brain ceased to act when his sweetheart took command. Bina, too, with a woman's dexterity, straightway left the subject, and turned the talk into other channels—the gossip of the hour, the prospects in the police, the prevalence of crime, attributable by Sharland entirely to the closing of one jail, and especially the many and daring burglaries from which the city had lately suffered.

"They are that clever!" said Copthorne. "And the big way they work, sweeping off everything, heavy and light goods, furniture, bales of cloth, jewelry, cases of wine, groceries, and what not!"

"Ah, if I could only run some of these chaps in!" he continued. "It would be worth a lot to me. Promotion right off! And when I am an inspector!"

The honest fellow looked at his love and then at her father. All obstacles to the match would then be withdrawn.

Bina, strange to say, did not appear interested, much as the chances of speedy promotion meant to Copthorne and to her. She seemed distraught; absorbed in her own thoughts. The two men attributed her strange, absent manner to the terror of her recent experiences.

But Bina Sharland showed little fear an hour later, when, the lodge being closed for the night, the visitor gone, her father asleep upstairs, and all quiet within the jail, she came out stealthily, but with firm step, into the kitchen. In one corner stood the key-safe, to which any one since the exodus of the prisoners might have access, and from it she extracted the key of the wicket door in the main gate. The hour was late—long past one A.M.; no one was about in the street, and she boldly let herself out, leaving the wicket gate ajar.

"Yes," she said, softly, "it has been opened recently—within the last few days—perhaps the last few hours. I begin to understand," and, as if satisfied, she turned back, preparing to retrace her steps towards the jail, when she paused, arrested by a strange new sound which broke the stillness of the night.

The splash and ripple of the water; something moving in the canal—a boat or barge—slowly approaching, towed from the path by people whose footsteps and voices, low-spoken, become also distinguishable.

Filled with sudden terror, Bina fled, fully expecting to be overtaken, seized, questioned. But arrived at the point where was the ascent to the jail, she fancied that the sounds behind had ceased already, and that the boat's progress had been stopped somewhere short of where she was. With a beating heart, she crept cautiously back, determined to unravel the mystery if she could. There was the boat—a low, dark object—casting its long reflections on the glassy surface of the canal, moored exactly opposite the door she had but just examined. Figures were coming and going between it and the boat, which they were loading up with bundles and bales. The voices were no longer low, but loud and eager; and above them all was one she plainly recognized, fiercer and more authoritative than the rest.

"Look sharp! You have only a couple of hours before dawn, and daylight should find you well into the Ryesbeck!"

"Are you not coming, captain?" some one asked.

"Not this journey. There's work to do here. If we don't keep up the game, they'll give us notice to quit."

The barge moved on, and Bina was just emerging from her hiding-place to confront the last speaker, when she was checked by a hand on her shoulder and a stern voice in her ear—the sergeant's!

"Bina! I couldn't have believed it," he said, angrily. "Out here at this time of night—alone—no, not alone either. Who's your chap?"

"H—sh!" was the girl's answer in an anxious whisper. "There's no time to explain now. Hurry back—hurry by the front of the jail to the police station. Pick

up the night-duty men, and then make for the canal where it joins the Ryesbeck—not by the towing path, but by the bridge. You will head a barge coming there. Seize it, and you're a made man. Off with you!"

"And leave you here philandering with some one else! Oh, Bina!" protested her lover.

"Off, I say, or I'll never speak to you again. Every second is precious, I tell you," and she stamped her foot so imperiously that the sergeant, giving in, promptly disappeared.

Much valuable time had been lost in this short talk, but Bina, hastening forward, caught the man who was just closing the door under the cliff, and cried—

"Reuben! Reuben!"

The other would have retreated within, hoping thus to escape interference, but Bina cried again—

"Stop, Reuben, stop! It is no use: I know you. It is I, Bina, your sister. For your own sake, stop! I must speak to you."

The scapegrace brother—for he it was—paused, silent at first, then, with a volley of oaths, he asked—

"What are you jawing about? I want to have no truck with you; let me be."

"You may die in a jail yet," replied his sister, sadly.

"Father would not let me in at the front door," continued her brother, "so I made my own way in at the back. That's all about it."

"If it was all, Reuben! But you know that it's far worse. You are mixed up with a bad lot. They call you captain—I've heard them: these wretches—thieves and burglars—"

"How do you know they're that?" She felt her surmise was correct, her brother interrupted her so sharply.

"It is known to many more than me, Reuben. At this very moment the police are capturing your companions, barge and all. They will bring it back here directly; then you, too, will be taken. Don't think to escape. We shall none of us escape. Don't think but that father will also be held to blame, innocent as he is, as Heaven knows, and you will have ruined us utterly."

"Don't stand sniveling there," shouted Reuben, now feeling real and selfish alarm. "Tell me the truth. Are the coppers on to us really? No fooling! Is that so? Then I'm off!"

"Run, run, Reuben! Straight past the main entrance into the town," his sister said, urging him to instant flight.

"I must go back inside first. I have things there I cannot leave behind."

"You won't have time, Reuben. Hurry! hurry!"

"Can't I get out through the front gate? Is it closed? How did you come out? Ain't you going back to the lodge?"

"Of course. Well, I will meet you there. But, Reuben, for mercy's sake, lose no time."

He disappeared within the subterranean passage, and Bina made her way back to the jail entrance.

Old Sharland never knew anything of what had occurred. No one had the least suspicion—the sergeant only excepted, and he was bound to strict secrecy—that Reuben was implicated, was, indeed, the ringleader of the gang of robbers who had made their secret headquarters in the jail. It was more than a nine days' wonder in Ryesbeck. The capture of the barge and of several of the thieves led to confessions, followed by strict searches and investigations, when it was discovered that the condemned cell and all adjoining chambers had served as a sort of robbers' cave. They were filled with stolen goods; they contained bedding, cooking utensils, the debris of food, all the indications of residence, which would have been more or less prolonged according as the rascals succeeded in giving the old jail a bad name.

The Sharlands left the place soon afterwards. Sergeant Copthorne's conduct in securing the burglars was rewarded by his promotion and appointment to the charge of the city markets in another part of the town. When he married Bina, the old man went to live with them; and Reuben was last heard of in Galveston, Texas.

THE END.

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WOMAN'S WORLD.

POINTS ABOUT RUGS.



At present, everything Oriental has become more or less fashionable. Turkey carpets, Persian tiles and Cashmere rugs, are slowly finding their way into the best regulated families. In this, as in various other social matters, we have passed through many fads, or freaks of fashion—from Classic to Gothic, and

then from Gothic revival to Her Most Monotonous Majesty, Queen Anne.

Ex Oriente Lux. The light from the Orient came at the same time with the rise of the Queen Anne school. Eastern art made a great change in our artistic environment. It gave us warm colors, fine patterns in tapestry, daintily-colored porcelains, pretty fire-screens and handsome rugs. It orientalized, so to speak, our carpets and our curtains, our vases and our tea-trays; perhaps it may, before long, do something to orientalize the poor man's home and surroundings. The beautiful things with which we surround ourselves in our homes exert a refining and an educational influence upon our lives. People are better and happier for having art at home, and their round of daily life is sweetly tuned to a higher key.

Thus, day by day, the love of beauty in small surroundings, for the artistic decorations of home, is spreading downward into the serried ranks of American Philistinism. There has been a wonderful change in domestic tastes and in art furnishings. Tapestry hangs where wall-paper hung before, and rich stuffs cover chairs and sofas that were once covered with chintzes. Turkish and Persian rugs now take the place of ugly green carpet, with a honey-suckle border in yellow or gold; and, instead of the old hearth-rug, with an African lion stretched out with his back to the fire and his face to the honey-suckles, we have a soft Turkoman rug which is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. A stray bit or two of Chinese porcelain, a Japanese lacquered fire-screen, or an Oriental rug, now and then carries the mind to Eastern countries, where industrialism is not frankly cheap and ugly.

Indeed, few articles in our homes have a more interesting history than the "antiques" beneath our feet. How many have an idea of how Turkish or Persian rugs are made and are sent to a dealer or to a bazaar? How many, higgling over the high price of an "antique" rug, have ever given a thought to the various hands through which it has passed prior to its becoming the pride of an American family? In what follows an attempt is made to clear up some of the mysteries surrounding an Oriental rug.

In the first place, Americans use the word "rug" for all kinds of Turkey and Persian carpets, whether large or small. The English and Europeans generally speak of old "real Turkey carpets." However, the characteristic of a "rug" is the quality of lying flat without the use of tacks which carpets usually require. The Turks and the Persians make some thirty or thirty-five kinds of carpets, all of which are called by Americans "rugs."

Again, there is considerable difference in texture, in color and in durability between Turkish and Persian carpets. In general, it may be said that Turkish rugs are thicker and have a longer nap than Persian rugs. Bear in mind, also, that, without a single exception, every Oriental rug is all made by hand. Thus far no machine has ever been invented which can reproduce the web and woof of an Eastern hand-made rug. One only needs to examine the way in which the threads are tied and fastened to see the difficulty of imitating it by machinery.

Once more, rugs are made in Turkey and Persia by all the members of the family. A pattern for the particular rug is set before them, and each member is expected to do his or her share of the work. In olden times the weaver was allowed to introduce new colors and new designs, but at present rugs are made more and more alike. Now, the owner of an old Turkey rug may be reasonably sure that no one has a rug exactly like his, but the owner of a new style cannot have the same feeling about his newly-made article. Thus, an "antique" often has a value as distinct as an old Dutch painting, while a modern style of rug is pretty much upon the same basis as a photograph is to the original painting. Not only that, but experts tell us that in rugs made to-day the colors are less durable and the patterns less subtle and harmonious than in the old-style rugs.

The most important kinds of Turkish rugs are those that come from Baku, Kula and Ushak. Each carpet district of Turkey is known in the trade for certain general features of design, texture or material. Rugs made in one district are pretty certain to differ materially from those of every other district. But only an expert or genuine Turk can read in the threads where a particular rug came from. However, there are two noticeable exceptions. In the case of Turkish rugs made in a factory at Ushak, and in the case of Persian rugs made by Ziegler & Co.—in these two cases, Oriental rugs are manufactured in large quantities, and, in order to supply the prevailing fashion of the day, all the rugs from these places have the same general designs and colorings.

The ordinary Turkish rug is made much upon the same principle as our samplers are made. The materials are stretched upon frames, and the threads, after being pulled through, are tied and twisted into a peculiar square knot, the ends of which are cut off with a pair of shears. Thus each loop means a separate stitch. As the weaving is all done by hand, the work progresses somewhat slowly. It is said that a weaver will average from three to five inches in length a day. Some idea of the number of stitches in a Turkish rug may be gained when we are told that a Turkish rug nine feet seven inches by five feet contained over

eight million stitches. Some fine mohair rugs are known to have over thirty stitches within a square inch.

As we have said, all the members of the family work on a single rug at the same time, each one weaving the design allotted to them. Where rugs are made on a large scale, the weaver is not allowed to give free rein to fancy, for there is a "caller," whose business it is to call to each weaver the number of stitches of color that must be put in, and the places in which threads must go. The "caller" is simply an overseer, who sees that the designs selected are actually followed. Like machines, the workmen are compelled to reproduce the designs set before them. Now, it was not in this way that the fine antique rugs, which are so admired for their beauty of finish and design, and which to-day are worth their weight in gold, were made. It is said that Ziegler & Co., in order to keep the workmen in Sultanabad steadily employed, make advances to them on one condition—namely, that they shall not display their individual taste. Thus the two really valuable qualities of Oriental art-workmanship are quietly suppressed—individuality and spontaneity.

A certain kind of Turkish rug is known as a prayer rug. A rug of this make contains designs which have a religious significance. On the border may be an inscription from the Koran, in Arabic, which reads thus: "The verdant carpet of the prairie is trodden over by feet so gay that all—be they wise or foolish—are tempted to dance thereon." So, too, the medallion in the center may contain a wise saw to this effect: "If safety is your object, keep close to the shore." The Mohammedan uses the prayer rug when he kneels to pray, and he is careful to have it point toward his Mecca in the east. He has no hesitation in parting with his rug, provided at any time he can get twice its value from an infidel.

And now a few words as to Persian rugs. The most important kinds of Persian rugs are made at Feraghán, Kermansháh, Shiráz, Khorassán and Kurdistan. The rugs, mistakenly called by Americans Bokhara, come from Turkistán. The Persians have made rugs from time immemorial, and during all the time produced their own dyes. Some years ago it was feared that the introduction of aniline dyes would ruin the Persian carpet trade, but the Government stepped in and forbade their importation into the country. Experts tell us that aniline dyes are secretly used in Persian rugs made to-day.

The durability of a genuine Turkoman rug is wonderful. The rugs produced in the Achæmenid and Sassanid periods are as valuable as when first made, and are more highly prized than the best products of the present day. Their dull, rich colors have now assumed a peach-bloom, and the texture, close as that of velvet, has become "soft as fur with the touch of time." Strange to say, the secret of making the beautiful blue color which characterizes the finest examples of old Persian manuscripts, tiles and rugs, has been lost within the last forty or fifty years, and no one has been able to reproduce it.

In former years, most of the Turkoman rugs came through Russia before they reached Western markets. At present, many of the finest rugs come through hands of English, French and American collectors.

But there are at least two kinds of Persian rugs which never leave Persia—namáds and ghillems. The first-named kind of rug does not leave Persia on account of its great weight and bulk. The namád is made by heaping a low trench with hairs and beating them with mallets until level with the edge of the trench. The compressed mass of material is then wet and turned and beaten till it becomes of a dense, compact texture. A pretty design of colored threads is now beaten in on the upper side, to contrast with the dull background. Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, ex-United States Consul to Teheran, says that he saw a namád eighty feet long and fifty feet wide. It was brought from Isphán on the backs of ten mules. The namáds of large size are made to order, to fit a certain room or apartment. They are exceedingly durable and comfortable, although they are very liable to be eaten by moths. The best namáds are made at Yezd and Isphán—the former are brown and the latter mouse-gray in tint.

The ghillems are made wholly or partly of cotton. They are all long and narrow, with a general sameness of design and color. A ghilleem can be washed like a piece of calico, and on this account alone it is useful in a variety of ways.

There is a class of rugs made in the south of Persia which are distinguished by their thick, dense texture. The background is of camel's hair, which is left in its natural state, thus giving to the rug a soft, buff-gray tone.

The rugs of Kurdistan are generally recognized by an open rather than close weave—much upon the same plan as crochet-work. Thus, rugs of this make are alike on both sides. The colors in a Kurdistan are usually vivid, strongly contrasted, and have the glimmer of silk.

Then there are silk rugs, which are always costly, rare and small in size. They are used for draperies, as, in fact, are all the finest qualities of both Turkish and Persian rugs.

According to Mr. Benjamin—than whom there is no higher authority on Persian rugs—no such thing as exact prices for rugs exist in Persia, although we read of certain prices per square yard being quoted. A man and his family really make a rug on speculation: when in need of money, they will sell the article for what it brings. Again, in the bazaars, dealers retail their rugs at every conceivable price. The manner of trading with a Turk or Persian rug-dealer is about as follows: The conversation begins with some courteous reference to one another's health, and then, after a good deal of small talk, the price of the rug in question is asked in the most indifferent sort of way. The dealer blandly asks about five times the worth of the rug. Then the prospective purchaser offers about one-fifth of its real value. Whereupon the dealer gesticulates wildly, and calls upon all the prophets to witness that the rug is worth what he asks for it. The dealer may stop suddenly, pull down his rug and say his prayers; or, he may politely

ask the buyer to take another cup of coffee. The upshot of the whole affair is, that the two dickerers traders get down to the actual worth of the rug, and an offer is made and accepted.

A few days ago I saw a novel sight in a Broadway store. Seated in the large front window was a swarthy Turk, industriously at work on a rug. The weaver, seemingly unconscious of the crowd of curious Americans on the sidewalk, continued to twist and to tie the square knots. As I passed on, I could not help but think of those Eastern countries, where art-workmanship has been part and parcel of the people's life for centuries.

SPECIAL OFFER TO LADIES.

The following prizes will be given to ladies who send in the best essays, or articles, of about one thousand words each, upon the following subjects:—

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A COMPLETE SET OF DICKENS in six Royal Octavo Volumes, substantially bound with compressed English cloth, spring back casing and highly ornamented with gold laid side stamps.

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Answers must be sent in before December 5th, addressed, "Editor Woman's World, ONCE A WEEK, 521 West 13th Street, New York City." The awards will appear in the Christmas number, and the prize essays published.

STRANGE as it may appear, very few of the royal family of England carry purses. The Princess of Wales and her daughters, visiting *incog*, could hardly muster three shillings among them to gain admission to a West End wax-work show.

White beaver and white Bedford cord jackets, trimmed in fur, will be among the showy street wraps this winter. Many of these will open over fancy waistcoats. Vests of various designs are in the long jackets, though some close without any. The London top-coat, with its double breast and hip seams, is brought out in several modifications. It often is trimmed with jet carboschans and bordered with fur or fur cloth. It has very long skirts, immense pocket flaps on the hips, and large gauntlet cuffs. Some top-coats have vests simulated with the heavy braiding which is one of the autumn trimmings.

Queen Victoria's favorite scents are panchouli and maréchale. Those famous Indian shawls which she gives as wedding presents are perfumed with maréchale.

The latest thing in mantles is of white plush, so very white and so soft that it looks like a mantle of snow. It is a deep crépe reaching to the knee, falling full and round. There is a wide applique border of white mauve plush, and mauve plush lines both the cape and the hood. The finishing touches are given by an edge of white lambs' wool and a heavy silk tassel of mauve and white.

A cape of mauve plush, shorter than the one just described, has a square yoke made familiar in the spring wraps. The back is plain, and fitted to the figure; the front is attached to the yoke in full gathers. The sleeve pieces are put on with a wide shirred ruffle that almost touches the throat, and curves well over the bust, leaving the yoke quite narrow. The cloaking plush shirrs beautifully, making soft ruffles that the hand loves to caress. The ruffles do not stand up like wings, but lie flat in a graceful curve over shoulders and bust, that will be specially becoming to slender women. The back of the yoke is studded with jet cabochans, and from its lower end depends a wattle of jet rain fringe that touches the bottom of the wrap. Similar fringe falls among the gathers of the front. The cape is lined with silk the shade of the plush.

A long wrap with high shoulders is of water-green plush with the front embroidered in steel beads, in a pattern that somehow suggests the waving, fringe-like months and arms of the lily-fish and the sea-nettles, or "lamps of the sea." The wrap is lined in gray silk and finished with mouffon fur. A black velvet wrap has the fronts and sleeve pieces of a curious Persian net, covered with an all-over braiding of black soutache. It has a border of peacock feathers, which runs up the front and develops into a large bow around the throat.

A very smart evening cloak is of gray cloth brocaded with silver and lined throughout with gray silk. A huge collar of gray fur and long revers extend entirely down the front, and the whole get-up is not only very rich, but the fur is softening and becoming.

Certainly the day of the blonde has come. Narrow band rings are much sought for. Niello work in watch cases is much fancied. Little gold slippers form a new idea in brooches. There appears to be a call for bead necklaces again. Silver bracelets make desirable gifts for young girls. Pierced silver belts span the waists of ladies nowadays. Round gold locket centered by diamonds claim attention.

Closely woven gold neckchains retain their hold on public fancy.

A new style bonbon tray is made in silver, to represent basket work.

Double bowknots of gold are aspirants for favor among brooch-wearers.

Cone-shaped pieces of onyx top a number of hat pins now worn.

Bracelets of gold wire have half-a-dozen diamonds strung along the center.

Solid silver photo frames come in pierced work threaded through with fancy velvets.

Emerald bags devised as peaches, mounted with silver tops, are among notable offerings.

An exceedingly neat ring consists of a slender gold wire with three diamonds, one above the other, in an inclined setting.

English women continue to wear their tailor-made suits very high collars—collars that only seem possible to the long, English throat.

It is gravely announced, by a fashionable shoemaker, that women really in the best style, as far as shoes are concerned, will have on those made of green calfskin, laced with brown. It would be rather curious to see the woman who would dare wear these.



Greek sandal in bronze, black or gray.

Improved shape Gipsy shoe, shape cut far back to show off instep to advantage. In bronze kid embroidered.

Balzac says that a woman's character finds expression in her favorite color. A woman who prefers orange or green gowns is, he thinks, quarrelsome. Those who sport yellow hats, or go clad in black without cause, are not to be trusted. White should indicate coquetry. Gentle and thoughtful women prefer pink. Pearl-gray is the color of women who consider themselves unfortunate. Lilac is the shade particularly affected by overripe beauties; therefore, according to Balzac, lilac hats are mostly worn by mothers on their daughter's marriage-day, and by women more than forty years old when they go visiting.

You have moved to a new flat, and your rugs are not large enough. There's a hideous margin between them and the walls, too wide to paint. You have decided that you will have to buy larger rugs. Here's what a clever New York woman did the other day. "I looked at those rugs and margins till my soul was sick," she said, "but they didn't come any nearer together, until an inspiration came to me. Then I hid me downtown, and guess what I bought? I bought blue jeans. Just the common, ordinary, everyday blue jean that workmen wear. My rugs were delicate gray. I put that stuff down carefully, smoothly, tightly, made a border of it, and the effect was charming. Everybody who comes in admires it."

A truly ideal bedroom for a young girl is fitted up as follows: A red velvet carpet covers the floor, and small, silk prayer rugs are scattered here and there over the carpet. The walls are hung with pink sateen, over which Swiss is shirred, and the canopy and dressing table drapery are made up to match. At the windows are dotted Swiss curtains draped with Maltese lace, which is put on full enough to fall in pretty cascades to the bottom, and bands of Swiss, also edged with lace, hold the curtains back at the sides. Pale-pink enameled wooden poles above Moorish grille work to match support curtains of white cretonnes, figured with trailing vines of wild-roses and edged with pink and white tassel fringe. The deep window shelves and the mantel are draped with similar cretonne, and the doors are concealed by cretonne portières.

Curious Turkish shoes, having their fronts embroidered in jewels and gold tinsel, are kept on the feet by silk jeweled bands. They are the fancy of my lady, who likes to get herself and her boudoir up in Oriental fashion.

The State Committee, of Pennsylvania, are working actively towards the collection of the most complete exhibit of woman's handiwork and statistics relating to woman's work of all kinds for the World's Fair. Auxiliary committees are to be established in every Congressional district, and the co-operation of the various bodies of women working in any direction for the advancement of women in the lines of self-support and helpfulness is sought in this auxiliary committee. The work of women is not to be put in a separate building, but will be displayed in the same department in open competition with the men's work of the same kind. A suitable device is to be used to indicate what part of a woman's work enters into the fabrication of the articles of goods exhibited. And by Act of Congress the sex is entitled to representation on the board of Judges of Award and Merit *pro rata*, according to the amount of work done. The Woman's Building is rapidly advancing towards completion, and will contain a large room or hall for the meetings of women's congresses and assemblies. It is also to be provided with the most improved hospital arrangements, illustrating all advances, methods of treatment and nursing by trained nurses of all cases of accident or illness which may occur on the grounds, a cafe, bureau of information for women, school for cooking, and illustrations of all new kinds of work which have recently been opened to women.

One of the most agreeable of dentifrices is to be found in a few drops of tincture of myrrh in half a glass of water. It not only cleanses the mouth, making it fresh and sweet, but it is an excellent tonic for the gums and arrests decay. It also has the merit of being very inexpensive, as ten cents will buy enough to last a year or more.

BABY RUTH.

The following is a description of Baby Ruth Cleveland up to date:

"Half of her face is strikingly like his—large forehead, heavy brows, small eyes, strong nose and large facial angle. There is remarkable width of the face from temple to temple. In the lower face the mother's likeness is seen. Mrs. Cleveland has a very pretty mouth and as lovely a chin as nature ever modeled in a human face. Miss Cleveland has the same pretty mouth, the same lovely chin, the same smooth curve of the cheeks and the same laughing dimple, heightened in charm by the faultless delicacy of infantile beauty. Her bright little eyes are gray-blue, and she has quite a shock of long hair, black as jet and fine as corn-tassels.

Oddly enough, she is not a dimpled baby; nobody could call her roly-poly. An authority on babies would take her to be a boy. She is strong and muscular, has a large frame, superb respiration, good appetite, perfect digestion and the promise of developing into a large woman. Although a ten-pounder, she is a magnificent specimen of humanity, well formed, beautifully hinged and perfectly able to support her own weight. Her head doesn't lop over when she is raised up; she doesn't give one the impression that she will go to pieces at the bath. She takes to water like a web-foot and shows a decided taste for white castile soap and velvet sponges."—(See first page.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—New York State is first in population. Columbus's remains rested in Santo Domingo until 1706, when they were ordered to be removed to Havana, Cuba. Whether they were so removed is now disputed by historians.

READER, Brooklyn.—The word scamp will be found defined in the dictionary as a worthless fellow; a knave; a swindler; a mean villain; a rogue. It is a new word in literature, and is more vigorous than elegant.

A CASUAL READER, New York.—Insuring personal or other property for its full value in more than one company is piling on insurance rather thickly; but to draw the full value in case of fire, is where the pinch comes. In straight business, it is not customary for one to become rich by having one's property destroyed by fire.

E. E. DORCHESTER.—All noises—the singing of the teakettle included—are caused by vibrations of the air. In the case of the kettle, the vibrations are caused by change of temperature.

MATTIE, Fayette, Md.—There are many ladies who are competent and expert bookkeepers. As a vocation, book-keeping is certainly within woman's proper sphere.

ROSE-BUD, Brazil, Ind.—To make the face and hands white, the first indispensable prerequisites are soap and water. After that come "face blanches" of different kinds, some harmless and others injurious.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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THE study of the lives of great men, and especially of those of great inventors, will show that patient, persistent labor in the working out of a plan of life or of an idea was one of the chief and most potent elements of their success. Whether it was Watt's steam-engine, Arkwright's spinning-jenny, Jacquard's loom, Morse's telegraph, Paley's pottery, Hoe's printing-press, Edison's electric light, or any other of the great inventions of the last hundred years of so, it will be found that the perfection of each was accomplished only by the most laborious and persistent application to the development of each. An occupation having been well chosen, success should wait upon intelligent application to it.

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SOME people wish they could blot out their past, with its failings and errors, and begin afresh; but it is fortunate that they cannot, for thus would they also blot out their future possibilities. It is out of the many failures that success may be evolved, out of error that truth may be found, even out of sin repented of and forsaken that righteousness may be rekindled. Just as the withered and unsightly leaves trodden into the soil help to form new beauty in the coming spring, so even the past that we regret may, if used aright, help to form a better and a fairer record in the future.

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that have ceased to sing, exposed or on account of moult, can be made to warble tuneful melodies by placing a cake of BIRD MANNA in their cages. It acts almost like a charm in restoring them to song. It is an absolute necessity to the health, comfort and hygiene of CAGE BIRDS. It is made after the Andreasberg recipe. Sold by druggists, grocers and bird dealers. Mailed to any P. O. in the U. S. or Canada for 15 cts. by the Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa. Bird Book free.

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WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL, of Cambridge, was thirty-four years of age last January. He was born in Cambridge. He went from the public schools of his native city to Harvard, graduating there in the class of 1877. He was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in 1880, and has since practiced law. He was elected to the Common Council of Cambridge at twenty-five. He served three terms in the mayoralty. He was first nominated for Governor by the Democratic party in 1888, when Oliver Ames defeated him by 28,000 plurality. In 1889 Governor Brackett defeated him by 6,775 plurality, but in 1890 he was elected over Mr. Brackett by 9,053 plurality.

CHARLES HERBERT ALLEN was born in Lowell, April 15, 1848; he graduated from the Lowell High School in 1865, and from Amherst College in 1869; in 1874 he was elected a member of the Lowell School Committee, and served until 1881, when he went to the Lower House of the General Court for two years; he was elected to the Senate in 1882, the next year he was defeated for the Senate by Hon. John H. Morrison; he was a colonel on Governor Robinson's staff; in 1884 and again in 1886 he was elected to Congress, but he declined a third nomination in 1888. Colonel Allen has a great fondness for chemistry. He is a good shot and an enthusiastic angler.



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VARIETIES.

"I see by the paper that at the perform-
ance of your new play last night, there were
several calls for the author."
"That's a mistake in the print. It should
read 'authorities.'"

HOME-SEEKER (inspecting a flat)—"How
in the world are people to live in such
cubby-holes as these?"

AGENT—"Easy enough, mum. All you
need is folding-beds and camp-chairs and
self-doubling up tables, and a few things
like that."

"Humph! I can hardly turn round in
these rooms myself."

"I see, mum. It's too bad to be afflicted,
mum. You should take anti-fat."

"WHERE were you engaged last?" asked
a San Francisco lady of the new colored
cook.

"Yer oughten't ter ax me dat, lady."
"Well, I want to know, as it may tend to
give you character."

"Wall, lady, I was engaged ter Bob Phil-
lips, de triflingest yaller man I ever seed.
Why, lady, dat man stole my yearnings and
runned away! How many times was yer-
self engaged, lady?"

LITTLE Johnny had been told he must be
punished, but that he must choose between
a whipping and being shut up in a dark
closet. After a moment's painful thought,
he said, "Well, papa, if mamma'll do it, I
think I'll be whipped; but if you are going
to whip me, I think I'll be shut up."

A **LITTLE boy** visited his aunt in the
country not long since. One day, at the
dinner-table, the lady complained that a
jar of favorite preserves had mysteriously
disappeared from the pantry. Each one
present disclaimed any knowledge of the
fact, except the little boy, who remained
studiously silent. At length, being asked
if he knew what had become of the missing
fruit, he ingeniously replied, "Papa doesn't
allow me to talk at table."

LADY OF THE HOUSE: "Why, you are the
same man to whom I gave a loaf of my
home-made bread the other day!"

TRAMP: "Yes, mum; and I merely came
round to show you that I was still alive."

ENRAPTURED.

"Yes, my dear boy, I was enraptured. First,
I thought it was her graceful form; then her
dreamy eyes; but I finally decided that I had
been entranced by her superb complexion."
This remark was made concerning a young lady
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